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HORACES Art of Poetry.

Made English

By the Right Honorable

THE

EARL of *ROSCOMMON*.

LONDON,

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PREFACE.

I Have seldom known a Trick succeed, and will put none upon the Reader; But tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such Rules, as if they be observ'd, will make Men write more Correctly, and judge more discreetly; But Horace *must be read seriously or not at all, for else the Reader wont be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the Meaning, and the Words of the Author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; And I have often ask'd my self that Question. I know this is a Field*

Per quem Magnus Equos *Arunci* flexit Alumnus.

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben. Johnson, *to which no Man pays more Veneration than I it cannot be deny'd that the constraint of Rhyme, and a literal Translation (to which* Horace *in this Book declares himself an Enemy) has made him want a Comment in many places.*

My chief care has been to Write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obſcure, I have added a Line or two to explain it.

I am below the Envy of the Criticks, but if I durſt, I would beg them to remember, that Horace *ow'd his favor and his fortune to the Character given of him by* Virgil *and* Varius, *that* Fundanius & Pollio *are ſtill valued by what* Horace *ſays of them, and that in their Golden Age, there was a good Underſtanding among the Ingenious, and thoſe who were the moſt Eſteem'd were the beſt Natur'd.*

ROSCOMMON.

OF

OF THIS

TRANSLATION

And of the

Use of Poetry,

BY

Edm. Waller Esq;

Rome was not better by her *Horace* taught,
Than we are here, to comprehend his thought:
The Poet writ to Noble *Piso*, there;
A Noble *Piso* do's instruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing Stile,
And with rich Precepts do's oblige our Isle,
Brittain, whose Genious is in Verse expresst
Bold and sublime, but negligently dresst;

Horace

Horace will our ſuperfluous Branches prune,
Give us new rules, and ſet our Harp in tune,
Direct us how, to back the winged Horſe,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force;
Tho' Poets may of Inſpiration boaſt,
Their Rage ill govern'd, in the Clouds is loſt;
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his Fancy and his Judgment ſhows.

Chaſt moral Writing we may learn from hence
Neglect of which no wit can recompence;
The Fountain which from *Helicon* proceeds,
That ſacred Stream ſhould never water weeds,
Nor make the Crop of thorns and thiſtles grow
Which Envy or perverted Nature ſow;

Well-ſounding Verſes are the Charm we uſe,
Heroick thoughts, and vertue to infuſe;
Things of deep ſenſe we may in Proſe unfold,
But they move more, in lofty numbers told;

By

By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſwades.
The Muſe's friend, unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that Err;
But where a brave, a publick Action ſhines,
That he rewards with his Immortal Lines;
Whether it be in Counſel or in Fight,
His Countrey's Honor is his chief delight;
Praiſe of great Acts, he ſcatters as a ſeed,
Which may the like, in coming Ages breed:
Here taught the fate of Verſes, always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpis'd,
Men will be leſs indulgent to their faults
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts;
Poets loſe half the praiſe they ſhould have got,
Could it be known, what they diſcreetly blot
Finding new words, that to the raviſh't Ear
May like the Language of the Gods appear,

Such

Such as of old, wiſe Bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſh't men their wild retreats forſake,
Law-giving-Heroes, fam'd for taming Beaſts,
And raiſing Cities with their Charming Lutes,
For rudeſt minds, with Harmony were caught:
And civil Life was by the Muſes taught,

So wandring Bees would periſh in the Air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their Ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive,
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the ſpoil,
Preſerv'd in Winter by their Summers toyl,
They give us food, which may with Nectar Vie,
And Wax that do's, the abſent Sun, ſupply.

HORACE

OF THE

Art of Poetry.

IF in a Picture (*Piſo*) you ſhould ſee,
A handſome Woman with a Fiſhes Tail,
Or a Man's Head upon a Horſes Neck,
Or Limbs of Beaſts of the moſt different kinds,
Cover'd with Feathers of all ſorts of Birds,
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
Truſt me that Book is as ridiculous,

Whose incoherent Stile (like sick mens Dreams)
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extreams.
Painters and Poets have been still allow'd,
Their Pencils, and their Fancies unconfin'd;
This priviledge we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the Common Laws of Sense,
Forbid to reconcile *Antipathys*,
Or make a Snake engender with a Dove,
And hungry Tygers court the tender Lambs;
Some that at first have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themselves, when a few florid Lines
Shine through th'insipid dulness of the rest;
Here they describe a Temple, or a Wood,
Or Streams that through delightful Medows run,
And there the Rainbow, or the rapid *Rhyne*,
But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,

As

As he that only can design a Tree,
Would be to draw a Shipwreck or a Storm;
When you begin with so much Pomp and Show,
Why is the end so little and so low?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.
Most Poets fall into the grosseſt faults,
Deluded by a seeming Excellence:
By striving to be short, they grow Obscure,
And when they would write smoothly they want strength,
Their Spirits sink; while others that affect,
A lofty Stile, swell to a Tympany;
Some timerous wretches start at every blast,
And fearing Tempests, dare not leave the Shore;
Others in love with wild variety,
Draw Boars in Waves, and Dolphins in a Wood;
Thus fear of Erring, joyn'd with want of Skill,
Is a most certain way of Erring still.

The meaneſt Workman in the Æmilian Square,
May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair,
But cannot finiſh what he hath begun;
What is there more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a Face
Where all the reſt are ſcandalouſly ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.
Let Poets match their Subject to their ſtrength,
And often try what weight they can ſupport,
And what their Shoulders are too weak to bear;
After a ſerious and judicious choice,
Method and Eloquence will never fail;
As well the Force as Ornament of Verſe,
Conſiſts in chooſing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muſe ſhould be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when ſhe ſhould be curb'd.
Words muſt be choſen, and be plac'd with skill,

You

You gain your point, if your induſtrious Art
Can make unuſual words eaſie and plain,
But (if you write of things Abſtruſe or New)
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
(So it be ſeldom and diſcreetly done)
But he that hopes to have new Words allow'd,
Muſt ſo derive them from the Græcian Spring,
As they may ſeem to flow without conſtraint;
Can an Impartial Reader diſcommend
In *Varus*, or in *Virgil* what he likes?
In *Plautus* or *Cæcilius*? Why ſhould I
Be envy'd for the little I Invent,
When *Ennius* and *Cato*'s copious Style
Have ſo enrich'd, and ſo adorn'd our Tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have leave,
To coin new words well ſuited to the age:
Words are like Leaves, ſome wither every year;

And

And every year a younger Race succeeds;
Death is a Tribute all things owe to Fate;
The *Lucrine* Mole (*Cæsar's* stupendous Work)
Protects our Navies from the raging North;
And (since *Gethegus* drain'd the *Pontin Lake*)
We Plow and Reap where former Ages row'd.
See how the *Tyber* (whose licentious Waves
So often overflow'd the neighbouring Fields,
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive Course,
Confin'd by our great Emperors Command;
Yet this and they, and all will be forgot;
Why then should Words challenge Eternity,
When greatest Men, and greatest Actions dye?
Use may revive the obsoletest Words,
And banish those that now are most in Vogue;
Use is the Judge, the Law, and rule of Speech.
Homer first taught the World in Epick Verse

(To

(To write of great Commanders, and of Kings,
Elegies were at first design'd for Grief,
Though now we use them to express our Joy)
But to whose Muse we owe that sort of Verse,
Is undecided by the Men of Skill.
Rage with Jambick's, arm'd *Archilocus*
Numbers for Dialogue and action fit
And favourites of the Dramatick Muse.
Fierce, Lofty, Rapid, whose commanding sound
Awes the tumultuous noises of the Pit,
And whose peculiar Province is the Stage.
Gods, Heroes, Conquerors, Olympick Crowns
Loves pleasing Cares, and the free joys of Wine,
Are proper subjects for the Lyrick Song.
Why is he honor'd with a Poets Name,
Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule?
And chuses to be Ignorant and Proud,

Rather

Rather than own his Ignorance, and Learn,
Let every thing have its due Place and Time.
A Comick Subject loves an humble Verſe,
Thyeſtes ſcorns a low and Comick Stile.
Yet Comedy ſometimes may raiſe her voice,
And *Chremes* be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too, lay by their State to grieve;
Peleus and *Telephus* exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling, and Gygantick Words.
He that would have Spectators ſhare his Grief,
Muſt write not only well, but movingly,
And raiſe Mens Paſſions to what height he will,
We Weep and Laugh, as we ſee others do,
He only makes me ſad who ſhews the way,
And firſt is ſad himſelf, then (*Telephus*)
I feel the weight of your Calamities,
And fancy all your miſeries my Own,

But

But if you Act them ill, I ſleep or laugh:
Your looks muſt needs alter, as your Subject does
From kind to fierce, from wanton to ſevere,
For Nature forms, and ſoftens us within,
And writes our fortunes changes in our face.
Pleaſure enchants, impetuous Rage tranſports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd Soul,
And theſe are all interpreted by Speech;
But he whoſe words and fortunes diſagree,
Abſurd, unpitied, grows a publick Jeſt.
Obſerve the Characters of thoſe that ſpeak,
Whether an honeſt Servant, or a Cheat,
Or one whoſe blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave Matron, or a buſie Nurſe,
Extorting Merchants, carefull Husbandmen,
Argives, or *Thebans*, *Aſians* or *Greeks*.
Follow Report, or feign coherent things,

Deſcribe *Achilles*, as *Achilles* was,
Impatient, raſh, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all Judges, and all Law but Arms;
Medæa muſt be all Revenge and Blood,
Ino all Tears, *Ixion* all Deceit,
Io muſt wander, and *Oreſtes* mourn:
If your bold Muſe dare tread unbeaten Paths,
And bring new Characters upon the ſtage,
Be ſure your keep them up to their firſt height.
New Subjects are not eaſily explain'd,
And you had better chuſe a well known Theam,
Than truſt to an Invention of your own;
For what originally others writ,
May be ſo well diſguis'd, and ſo improv'd,
That with ſome Juſtice it may paſs for yours;
But then you muſt not Copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully Tranſlate,

Nor

Nor (as ſome ſervile Imitators do)
Preſcribe at firſt ſuch ſtrict uneaſie rules,
As they muſt ever ſlaviſhly obſerve,
Or all the laws of decency renounce:
Begin not as th' old Poetaſter did,
(Troys *famous War, and* Priams *Fate, I ſing*)
In what will all this Oſtentation end?
The laboring mountain ſcarce brings forth a mouſe:
How far is this from the *Meonian* Stile?
Muſe, ſpeak the Man, who ſince the ſiege of Troy,
So many Towns, ſuch change of Manners ſaw.
One with a flaſh begins, and ends in ſmoak,
The other out of ſmoak brings glorious light,
And (without raiſing expectation high)
Surprizes us with darling miracles,
The Bloody *Leſtrygons* inhumane Feaſts,
With all the Monſters, of the Land and Sea;

How *Scylla* bark'd, and *Polyphemus* roard:
He doth not trouble Us with *Leda*'s Eggs,
When he begins to write the *Trojan* War;
Nor writing the return of *Diomed*,
Go back as far as *Meleagers* Death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious Line
Inſenſibly acquaints Us with the Plot;
He chooſes only what he can improve,
And Truth and Fiction are ſo aptly mix'd
That all ſeems Uniform, and of a piece.
Now hear what every Auditor expects;
If you intend that he ſhould ſtay to hear
The Epilogue, and ſee the Curtain fall;
Mind how our tempers alter with our years,
And by thoſe Rules form all your Characters:
One that hath newly learn'd to ſpeak and go,
Loves childiſh Plays, is ſoon provok'd and pleas'd,

And changes every hour his wavering mind.
A Youth that first casts off his Tutors yoke,
Loves Horses, Hounds, and Sports, and Exercise,
Prone to all Vice, impatient of Reproof,
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
Gain and Ambition rule our riper years,
And make us Slaves to interest and power:
Old Men are only walking Hospitals,
Where all defects, and all diseases croud
With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
Oppress with Riches which they dare not use;
Ill-natur'd censors of the present Age,
And fond of all the follies of the past:
Thus all the treasure of our flowing Years,
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys must not have th' ambitious care of Men,

Nor

Nor Men the weak anxieties of Age ;
Some things are acted, others only told ;
But what we hear moves less than what we see ;
Spectators only have their Eyes to trust,
But Auditors must trust their Ears and you ;
Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which men of Judgment only will relate ;
Medæa must not draw her murthering knife,
And spill her Childrens blood upon the Stage,
Nor *Atreus* there his horrid Feast prepare,
Cadmus's, and *Prognes Metamorphosis*,
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.
Five Acts are the just measure of a Play,
Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a business worthy of a God;

And

And in one Scene no more than three ſhould ſpeak.
A *Chorus* ſhould ſupply what Action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves Rigid honeſty,
And ſtrict Obſervance of impartial Laws,
Sobriety, ſecurity and peace,
And begs the Gods to turn blind Fortunes wheel,
To raiſe the Wretched, and pull down the Proud.
(But nothing muſt be Sung between the Acts
But what ſome way conduces to the Plot.)
Firſt the ſhrill ſound of a ſmall rural Pipe,
(Not loud like Trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the Infant Stage.
And pleas'd the thin and baſhful Audience,
Of our well-meaning, frugal Anceſtors.
But when our Walls and Limits were enlarg'd,
And Men (grown wanton by proſperity)

Studied

Studied new Arts of Luxury and Eaſe,
The Verſe, the Muſick, and the Scene's improv'd;
For how ſhould Ignorance be judge of Wit,
Or men of Senſe applaud the Jeſts of Fools?
Then came rich Cloths and graceful Action in,
Then inſtruments were taught more moving notes,
And Eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold as uſeful and ſententious Truths,
As thoſe deliver'd by the *Delphick* God:
The firſt Tragedians, found that ſerious Stile
Too grave for their Uncultivated age,
And ſo brought wild and naked Satyrs in,
(Whoſe motion, words, and ſhape were all a Farce)
(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Becauſe the mad ungovernable Rout,
Full of confuſion, and the fumes of Wine,
Lov'd ſuch Variety and antick Tricks.

But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much,
To make a God, a Hero, or a King,
(Stripp'd of his golden Crown and purple Robe)
Deſcend to a Mechanick Dialect,
Nor (to avoid ſuch meanneſs) ſoaring high
With empty ſound, and airy notions fly;
For, Tragedy ſhould bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low Mimmick follies of a Farce,
As a grave Matron, would to dance with Girles:
You muſt not think that a Satyrick Stile
Allows of ſcandalous and brutiſh Words,
Or the confounding of your Characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention ſcope,
And if your Stile be natural and ſmooth,
All men will trie, and hope to write as well;
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good Method and Connexion may

Improve the common and the plaineſt things.
A Satyr that comes ſtaring from the Woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an Orator;
But, though his language ſhould not be refin'd,
It muſt not be Obſcene, and Impudent,
The better Sort abhors ſcurrility,
And often cenſures, what the Rabble likes.
Unpoliſh'd Verſes paſs with many Men,
And *Rome* is too Indulgent in that Point;
But then, to write at a looſe rambling rate,
In hope the World will wink at all our faults,
Is ſuch a raſh, ill-grounded confidence,
As men may pardon, but will never praiſe.
Conſider well the Greek Originals,
Read them by day, and think of them by night;
But *Plautus* was admir'd in former time.
With too much patience, (not to call it worſe)

His

His harſh, unequal Verſe, was Muſick then,
And Rudeneſs had the Privilege of Wit:
When *Theſpis* firſt expos'd the Tragick Muſe,
Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene,
Where ghaſtly faces ſtain'd with lees of Wine,
Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Croud;
This *Æſchilus* (with indignation) ſaw,
And built a Stage, found out a decent dreſs,
Brought Vizards in (a Civiler diſguiſe)
And taught men how to ſpeak, and how to Act;
Next Comedy appear'd with great applauſe,
Till her licentious, and abuſive Tongue,
Wakened the Magiſtrates Coercive power,
And forc'd it to ſuppreſs her Inſolence;
Our Writers have attempted every way,
And they deſerve our praiſe, whoſe daring Muſe,
Diſdain'd to be beholden to the *Greeks*,

And found fit Subjects for her Verſe at home.
Nor ſhould we be leſs famous for our Wit,
Than for the force of our Victorious Arms;
But that the time and care, that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and poliſh well,
Fright Poets from that neceſſary Toyl.

Democritus was ſo in love with wit,
And ſome Mens Natural impulſe to write;
That he deſpis'd the help of Art and Rules,
And thought none Poets till their Brains were (crack'd;
And this hath ſo Intoxicated ſome
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanlineſs and Company renounce,
For Lunacy beyond the Cure of art,
With a long Beard, and Ten long dirty Nails,
Haſs currant for *Apollo*'s Livery.

O my

O my unhappy Stars! If in the Spring,
Some Phyſick had not cur'd me of the Spleen,
None would have writ with more ſucceſs than I;
But I am ſatisfied to keep my ſenſe,
And only ſerve to whet that Wit in you,
To which I willingly reſign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a Poet is;
Wherein his Wealth and Ornament conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill;
Sound judgment is the ground of Writing well:
And when Philoſophy directs your choice
To proper Subjects rightly underſtood,
Words from your Pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper Characters,
Who knows the duty of all Ranks of Men,

And what we owe to Countrey, Parents, Friends,
How Judges, and how Senators should act,
And what becomes a General to do;
Those are the likeſt Copies which are drawn,
By the Original of humane life.
Sometimes in rough and undigeſted Plays
We meet with ſuch a lucky Character,
As being humor'd right and well perſu'd,
Succeeds much better, than the ſhallow Verſe,
And chiming Trifles, of more ſtudious Pens;
Greece had a Genious, *Greece* had Eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was Fame;
Our *Roman* Youth is bred another way,
And taught no arts but thoſe of Uſury;
And the glad Father glories in his Child,
When he can ſubdivide a Fraction:
Can Souls, who by their Parents from their birth

Have

Have been devoted thus to ruſt and gain,
Be capable of high and generous thoughts?
Can Verſes writ by ſuch an Author live?
But you (brave Youth) wiſe *Numa*'s worthy Heir,
Remember of what weight your Judgment is,
And never venture to commend a Book,
That has not paſs'd all Judges and all Teſts.
A Poet ſhould inſtruct, or pleaſe, or both;
Let all your precepts be ſucoinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them ſoon,
And faithful memories retain them long;
For ſuperfluities are ſoon forgot.
Never be ſo conceited of your Parts,
To think you may perſwade us what you pleaſe,
Or venture to bring in a Child alive,
That Canibals have murther'd and devour'd;
Old age explodes all but Morality;
Auſterity offends aſpiring Youths,

But he that joyns inſtructions with delight,
Profit with pleaſure, carries all the Votes;
Theſe are the Volumes that enrich the Shops,
Theſe paſs with admiration through the World,
And bring their Author an Eternal fame.
Be not too rigidly Cenſorious,
A ſtring may jarr in the beſt Maſters hand,
And the moſt skilfull Archer miſs his aim;
But in a Poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a ſlight miſtake,
Such as our Natures frailty may excuſe;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And ſtill perſiſts, is as impertinent,
As a Muſician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the ſame Note;
When ſuch a poſitive abandon'd Fopp,
(Among his numerous Abſurdities)
Stumbles upon ſome tolerable Line,

I fret

I fret to ſee them in ſuch company,
And wonder by what Magick they came there.
But in long Works, Sleep will ſometimes ſurprize
Homer himſelf hath been obſerv'd to nodd.
Poems (like Pictures) are of different Sorts,
Some better at a diſtance, others near,
Some love the dark, ſome chuſe the cleareſt light,
And boldly challenge the moſt piercing Eye,
Some pleaſe for once, ſome will for ever pleaſe;
But *Piſo* (tho your own Experience,
Join'd with your Fathers precepts make you wiſe)
Remember this as an important truth;
Some things admit of Mediocrity,
A Counſellor or Pleader at the Bar,
May want *Meſſalas* powerful Eloquence,
Or be leſs read than deep *Caſſellius*;
Yet this indifferent Lawyer is eſteem'd;
But no authority of Gods nor Men,

Allow of any mean in Poesie.
As an ill Consort, and a course perfume,
Disgrace the Delicacy of a Feast,
And might with more discretion have been spar'd,
So Poesie, whose end is to delight,
Admits of no Degrees, but must be still,
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.
In other things men have some reason left;
And one that cannot Dance, or Fence, or Run,
Despairing of success, forbears to Try;
But all (without consideration) write;
Some thinking that th' omnipotence of Wealth
Can turn them into Poets when they please.
But *Piso*, you are of too quick a sight
Not to discern which way your Talent lies,
Or vainly struggle with your Genius;
Yet if it ever be your fate to Write,
Let your Productions pass the strictest Hands,

Mine

Mine and your Fathers, and not see the light,
Till time and care have ripped every Line.
What you keep by you, you may change, & mend,
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.
Orpheus inspir'd by more than humane power,
Did not (as Poets feign) tame savage Beasts,
But Men as lawless, and as wild as they,
And first disswaded them from rage and blood;
Thus when *Amphion* built the *Theban* Wall,
They feign'd the Stones obey'd his Magick Lute;
Poets the first Instructers of Mankind,
Brought all things to their proper, native Use;
Some they appropriated to the Gods,
And some to publick, some to private ends:
Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd
Cities were built, and useful Laws were made;
So ancient is the pedigree of Verse,
And so divine a Poets function.

Then *Homer's* and *Tyrtæus* martial Muse,
Waken'd the World, and sounded loud Alarms.
To Verse we owe the Sacred Oracles,
And our best Precepts of Morality;
Some have by Verse obtain'd the love of Kings,
(Who, with the Muses, ease their wearied minds)
Then blush not Noble *Piso* to profess,
What Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.
Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,
Others maintain, that Nature makes them so;
I neither see what Art without a vein,
Nor Wit without the help of Art can do,
But mutually they need each others aid.
He that intends to gain th' *Olympick* Prize,
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of Wine, and the soft joys of Love;
And no Musician dares pretend to skill,
Without a great Expence of time and pains;

But

But every little buſie Scribler now
Swells with the praiſes which he gives himſelf;
And taking Sanctuary in the Croud,
Brags of his impudence, and ſcorns to mend.
A wealthy Poet, takes more pains to hire
A flattring Audience, than poor Tradeſmen do
To perſwade Cuſtomers to buy their Goods.
'Tis hard to find a Man of great Eſtate,
That can diſtinguiſh Flatterers from Friends.
Never delude your ſelf, nor read your Book
Before a bribd and fawning Auditor;
For he'll commend and feign an Extaſie,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to pleaſe;
True friends appear leſs mov'd than Counterfeit;
As men that truly grieve at Funerals,
Are not ſo loud, as thoſe that cry for hire;
Wiſe were the Kings, who never choſe a Friend
Till with full Cups they had unmask'd his Soul,

And

And ſeen the bottom of his deepeſt thoughts;
You cannot arm your ſelf with too much care
Againſt the ſmiles of a deſigning Knave.
Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you ſhould correct,
Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,
And with more care ſupply the vacancy;
But if he found you fond, and obſtinate
(And apter to defend than mend your faults)
With ſilence leave you to admire your ſelf,
And without Rival hugg your darling Book.
The prudent care of an Impartial friend,
Will give you notice of each idle Line,
Shew what ſounds harſh, & what wants ornament,
Or where it is too luviſhly beſtowed;
Make you explain all that he finds Obſcure,
And with a ſtrict Enquiry mark your faults;
Nor for theſe trifles fear to loſe your love;

Thoſe

Thoſe things, which now ſeem frivolous, & ſlight,
Will be of ſerious conſequence to you,
When they have made you once Ridiculous.
A Mad Dogs foam, th' infection of the Plague,
And all the Judgments of the angry Gods,
We are not all more heedfully to ſhun,
Than Poetaſters in their raging fits,
Follow'd and pointed at by Fools and Boys;
But dreaded and proſcrib'd by Men of ſenſe:
If (in the Raving of a frantick Muſe)
And minding more his Verſes than his Way,
Any of theſe ſhould drop into a Well,
Tho he might burſt his Lungs to call for help,
No Creature would aſſiſt or pity him,
But ſeem to think he fell on purpoſe in.
Hear how an old *Scilian* Poet died;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
In a cold fit leap'd into *Ætna*'s flames.

Give

Give Poets leave to make themſelves away,
Why ſhould it be a greater ſin to kill,
Than to keep Men alive againſt their will?
Nor was this chance; But a deliberate choice;
For if *Empedocles* were now reviv'd,
He would be at his Frolick once again,
And his pretenſions to Divinity:
'Tis hard to ſay whether for Sacrilege
Or Inceſt, or ſome more unhear'd of Crime
The Rhyming Fiend is ſent into theſe Men,
But they are all moſt viſibly poſſeſt,
And like a baited Bear, when he breaks looſe,
Without diſtinction ſeize on all they meet;
None ever ſcap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking like Leeches till they burſt with blood,
Without remorſe inſatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read Men dead.

FINIS.

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